Smoking Hot (Asuma Sarutobi TF)

Written By ZacharyEverlust

I met up with my online friend for a cuppa Joe in the morning of Trail Food Café. “It was wonderful to have found someone who shares and adores transformation as I do!” I thought to myself. Being a person who lusts and adores transformation very very much, it wasn’t a surprise that I chose a café with the initials T.F. for me to meet up with him.

"Hey dude!" My friend yelled, waving from a afar, "Glad to see you could make it!" he ran up to me, grinning.

I’ve met him over Deviant Art, he’s a little odd…but a good fellow at the very least. It was difficult to find anyone who shares the same quirks with me, but I’ve finally found someone! And I can’t wait to start sharing my future stories with him!

"Sorry I'm kinda late though, I sorta slept in…But what matters is, I'm here, right?" He yawned slightly.

"Of course! Have a seat!" I gestured over the empty chair directly in front of me.

"So what do want to discuss about today?" I tilted my head to the side, "there are so many things to discuss that I don't know where to begin with." Knowing myself, I’ll probably be narrating my experience talking to him if this conversation was to be a story itself.

"I’m interested in how you get these ideas man! It’s not every day do you log-on and see new TF-writers!” He asked me enthusiastically, with a smile plastered onto his face. “Was it your friends whom inspired you? Another TF-Writer? Or was it your family?”

“Not really my friends per se.” I smiled. “And it was more of…a TF-artist rather than a writer…but my family did play some role in it...”

“Really? Tell me man!”

"Yeah, my dad's attempts on getting me to smoke." It was a horrible experience denying him, he was always insistent of his "little man" growing up. And following his father's example. “It makes my head come up with plenty of ideas for stories…”

"I still don't get how he's managed to stay so fit and healthy...he keeps on insisting that smoking does it...makes him who he is." I sighed as the waiter arrived almost instantaneously when I placed down my menu.

He had in his hand two cups of coffee. "It’s on the house sirs."

“Oh thank you!” I politely thanked the waiter. “I’ll call you up when we’ve decided on our order, but thanks for the free drinks.” The waiter bowed as he left us to continue our conversation.

“Dude, from the way it sounds, this is a big issue.” He placed down his menu.

"I mean, you are his son, he should at least respect whatever you do and dont wanna do in life. Especially somethin' like smoking." He gazes into my eyes. "What's you obsession about your dad being wanting you to be a, "real man," Anyways?"

"It's probably cause it runs in the family, grandpa used to be a leader in a notorious gang in the past, he was so cocky, dominant, just like how Dad is at the moment." I sighed as I took a sip of the coffee. "I just don't get what's so appealing and cool about being a 'manly man'."

"It’s black...” I winced at the taste, it sucks that I didn't bring sugar or milk to tone it down. “It tastes like the coffee my dad drinks.”

“Whoa talk about irony!” He had a shocked expression on his face. “You can have all of it by the way, I don’t do coffee. Maybe it’ll turn you into a man more hehe.” Shoving his cup towards me.

“Haha pretty funny! God…I don’t think I can manage two cups.” Subconsciously despite hating the taste, I continued to take a few more sips as though it were natural.

"Man this shit also smells like the smoke my dad always does. Hahaha!” I chuckled, a lower octave booming from my voice. I feel more relaxed all of a sudden.

“Uh…You Ookay Dude?” He blinked few times. “That was… unexpected, you don’t normally swear in public…, the words practically came out from your mouth…as though it’s natural.”

I swore? Did I do that just now? I’m not the type of guy who uses words like ‘shit’ or ‘f**k’ often…but if my friend says that I did, I must’ve did it. …But hey, who cares if I swear. I’m bound to do it sooner or later. Heck, I may even start doing it now!

“You’ve got a problem with that man?” I smirked. “Nothing’s wrong with a little ‘f***ing* around here and there.”

“Uhh…” He furrowed his eyebrows. “Whatever you say dude, I can’t stop ya.”

I took another sip of the coffee. “Hehe, told ya—ugh!” Wha…What’s this? What is this strange sensation I’m experiencing…??!! It’s like…a temptation. I-I really need something really badly. But what is it??!!

“Hey? Are you alright?”

"Ugh Shit! I'm okay dude! I just need to... go to the washroom for a sec." I glanced around the room. I clenched my fists, impatiently searching for the restroom as the coffee pierces through my system.

"Ngh I really...need it....I need to...I need to..." Rummaging through my hair, feeling its bristles. Huh? Was always it this spiky? …Who cares? It feels nice spikey anyway—ugh! This craving is getting worse…! I really need to... I need to...!

I made my way to the toilet while controlling the lava boiling in my taste. Puffing out my chest as I walked with a confident swagger, strangely being…powered up by the bitterness of the coffee. My friend staring at me with open eyes.

"Damn, is this room getting smaller, or am I really just that tall? Heh." I scoffed, my dad always said I had the potential to run as the next head of the family. With me being about 6.3ft tall, I can reach places us men are meant to reach if you know what I mea—

"Shit what the hell am I thinking?" I quickly brushed off that thought. There was no way I would ever be like him…there is…no way. The more I think about it though…I don’t really hate my da—these thoughts begin to warp around in my mind as I enter the restroom.

Looking at my reflection in the mirror in front of me, I asked myself this, “Did I always have facial hair?” Not just tiny pokes of facial hair, but rather…a fuzzy goatee which seemed as though its growing by the minute. I can feel it becoming pointier by the minute, reshaping itself to a stylish beard as it crawls over the lower side of my face and connects with my bushy sideburns.

I blinked, faintly recalling a different reflection of myself than the bearded face in the mirror. "Heh, I’m growing up faster than I thought, must be the genetics." I joked, feeling a sense of satisfaction that I leaned more towards my father's side of the family. He too had a beard like this when he was my age, he still has it even as an old man!

I feel as though my hair is being trimmed at the back, giving me short, but clean black hair. It then begins to fluff and spike up, a new spiky hairstyle resting lazily over my skull. Heh. It kinda reminds me of—My tastebuds are killing me…I need something really badly--

"You know...for some reason I think I may be craving for a cigar...!" I responded to myself. I don’t know why…but I thought that I hated em’. But for some reason…I feel it’s almost as though I need it really badly, like a temptation that is dying to be fulfilled.

I reached out for my lower pocket in my pants, picked up the trusty lighter that my dad gave to me. Flipped open the packet of cigarettes in my breast pocket as I lit it and place one stick into my…mouth.

"Ahhh…" I inhaled the savoury taste of the cigar as it travels down to my lungs, letting the delightful aroma consume me as I exhale my imperfections out of my body.The smoke wafts around the enclosed room, centring around me as I begins to change me inside out.

The grey wind gently rubs against my skin, like the gentle breeze on a hot summer's day. My skin tone shifts from light to a golden brown tan, developed from years of training in the hot sun. The grey wind proceeds to massage my delicate arms, like a masseuse giving his all. My muscles starts to swell up.

RIP! My legs were the first. The sensation overwhelms my weaknesses, providing me strength in return. Standing before my ripped, small jeans were two thick trunks. With big ass feet, about size 11…maybe 12? 13? , to support these badboys around.

RIIP! My arms kept on becoming more muscular and muscular. My biceps and triceps blew into proportions as they matched my new bottom. Bulging confidentially, and strongly. I gave myself a little flex, "Heh, not bad." I told myself, getting these guns won't be easy with just a gym. Good thing that my village has great training.

RIIP! My chest puffs out, with two beach-ball sized pecs and sturdy washboard abs displayed for em' to see. A fitting match for my manly structure I bet. "…God, my clothes are ripped as hell." I told this to myself, feeling my prominent Adam's apple stuck in my thick neck.

God answered my prayer as the smoke consumes the torn-tattered bits of clothing, re-sews it, and transforms the pieces into my brand new Konoha-Ninja uniform. A Flak jackets rests on my defined chest, with my packet of cigarettes tucked into one of its breast pockets.

The final changes to my attire took place when a Pair of sandals popped on my feet, perfect for my huge feet to run with the wind. The smoke forms a tied-up sash around my waist, with a symbol of 'Fire' (火) appearing in its front, representing my loyalty to my village.

Last but not least, the hidden leaf forehead protector forms on my…forehead. "…wow…." I stared at the reflection of myself. "Man…this forehead protector looks so shiny…" …My eyes spun around into a deep spiral, ashes slowly dropping from my lit cigarette.

Tighten. I proceeded to tighten my headband.

Blow gently. I blew a little bit of smoke out of my chest. Feeling my worries and fears being drained away as a new laid-back, yet blunt persona takes over my former consciousness.

Blow. I blew more of the smoke within me. Smoke carrying away my youthful sheen and immature raging hormones, -19-25-30. Age rising all the way to my early thirties, giving my body its sexy roughness and my face a more mature look of a grown man.

Blow it all out. I begin to channel everything, my identity, my tastes and personality, into the smoke that I'm about to EXHALE AND---

Poooooooooooffffffffffff*

"Man…Nothings like a good smoke in the afternoon'." I blew out all of the smoke stored within my lungs, along with the memories of my former—Whoa! Former what? …Probably some random kunoichi I met before becoming steady with Kurenai.

I crushed the cigarette and tossed it into an ash tray nearby. I flicked my lighter on, preparing a flame to light another devil for me to enjoy. ***Poooooooooooffffffffffffffffffff**** "That coffee…was the bomb."

CREAK!

The door creaked open, I noticed a teenager with a modest height and build enter the bathroom. It's odd really, you don't see many youngsters enjoying a beautiful cuppajoe. "Yeah kid? What's the problem?"

"Oh, sorry mister. I'm just looking for my friend, he entered here 10 minutes ago." He politely asked me.

"Nobody entered here for the past 10 mins, I was here this entire time." I replied to the young stranger, releasing small puffs of smoke as I speak.

"Eh? I'm sure I did see him come here." He shrugged, eyes closed and appeared to be deep in thought. "…" Eyes open as he gazed at the cigarette in my mouth, is he bothered by it? Aren't kids allowed to smoke after they passed puberty in this country?

"Sorry Kiddo, it's something grownups do. You'll understand when you get older." I leaned against the walls of the bathroom. Arms crossed, eyelids gently resting on my sockets. I hope I don't have to turn this into a 'father and son conversation' like the time my old man had with me. God I still miss him…

“Oh no, I’m not really bothered by it. Haha!” He chuckled, though I can sense the nervousness in his voice. “It’s just that…you kinda fit the description of my friend’s dad.”

“Me? A dad? Hahahaha! I don’t have any children under my care yet. A father soon to be? Yes.” I chuckled. “My lovely wife’s having a baby.”

“Oh congratulations dude! But smoking when your wife’s having a baby may not be such a good idea!” he advised me with caution, though…I’ve heard this same advice about a million times already. “Uh…but I hope you don’t force your new child to became like you as he grows up…my friend’s dad and him grew distant because of that.”

“I can control myself whenever I’m near her and the baby, don’t worry bout’ it.” I reassured the kiddo. “Plus, a man’s gotta do what a man’s gotta do. He’s gotta raise his child big and strong like his papa so that he is ready for his wife when he grows up.”

“Shouldn’t you be concerned if your child ever grows up a smoker like you? Smoking is bad for your—.”

“Heh, if he has the Sarutobi bloodline, he’s going to live a long life.”

“Saru-tobi? Hey wait! Mister! What’s your name?”

I smirked at the boy, and proudly announced my name to em’:

Name’s Asuma Sarutobi, Nice to meet ya kid!